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THE
AFRICAN REPOSITORY,
AND
COLONIAL JOURNAL.

VOL. 23, 1847.

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1847.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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TO THE

TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME OF THE AFRICAN REPOSITORY.

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THE AFRICAN REPOSITORY,

AND

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VOL. XXIII.]

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER, 1847.

[No. 9.]

[From the Liberia Advocate.]

John McDonogh's People. No. 1.

NEW ORLEANS,
June 9, 1847.

To the Rev. R. S. Finley :

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 9th April last, informing me of your intention to publish another edition of my letter on African Colonization, and saying that you are very desirous of publishing at the same time, with it, an account of the present condition, state of happiness, and prospects of the servants I sent to Liberia, if I would favor you with a letter on the subject. To this, I will observe, sir, that it will afford me great pleasure in complying with your request, as far as in my power. The information I possess on that subject is, to me, of the most pleasing and satisfactory nature; it is derived from a correspondence with themselves, (receiving letters, generally as I do, by every vessel which arrives from that part of the African coast where they are settled, from them,) and conversations with various gentlemen, who have lately been trading there, who have seen them, been on their plantations, and in their houses; who had known some of them previous to their departure from this, and were the bearers of messages and letters

from them to me. In those letters (written by themselves, for many of them write, and write well—some of them having been my clerks here,) they state, as do the gentlemen who have seen them, that they are contented and happy—have plantations under cultivation, with good houses, various kinds of domestic animals, &c., &c., have every necessary of life (with the exception of clothing, which is scarce and dear in that country) in the greatest abundance; and scarcely any thing to wish for, or desire. That they enjoy good health, have had but little sickness since their arrival in Africa. That the climate is a good one for the black man, and the soil one of great fertility and richness. That, fruitful as is the Valley of the Mississippi, and North America in general, still it is not to compare in fruitfulness with that part of Africa, as their soil yields them two or three crops a year. They give me in their letters, long list of the vegetable productions of that country, which includes nearly every article raised in the United States, besides vast numbers of other tropical products, which our climate does not produce. In short, they say, sir, that Africa is one of the finest quarters of the world, and that noth-

ing could induce them to remove from it, or exchange it for a residence in any other country. Their letters also state, (for there are several men of business and observation among them,) that their country is destined in a few years to carry on, and support, a very considerable commerce. That the attention of the colonists is now turned to the opening of roads and rivers, into the interior, by which routes the products of the soil will be brought to the seaboard and exchanged for the manufactures of Europe and America. Since writing the foregoing, it strikes me on reflection, sir, that the publishing the original letters I have received from those people would have a better effect, and carry a conviction to the minds of men, stronger than any thing I can say on the subject. I therefore forward you with this fifteen of the letters received from those persons, to do with as you think proper. Those letters were received by the way of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, London, &c., and have the postmarks of those different cities on them, proving thereby their authenticity. Should you determine to publish them, you might (if you think proper, sir,) invite all persons desirous of seeing the originals to call on you, to see and read them. In concluding this letter, you will permit me to observe, that the principal object I had in view, (though I had several others,) in assisting those people to get to their fatherland, was that they might there become the humble instruments of tending to the honor and glory of our Divine Lord and Master—and I confess that their letters on that head fills my heart with joy and delight, in informing me that they strive day and night in making known His glorious name and Gospel among the heathen of that dark and benighted land. Some of them itinerating as

missionaries of the Gospel through and among the native villages, with marked success and blessings on their labors of love; whilst others are keeping schools among them, for the instruction of their children.

With great respect, I am, sir,

Your friend and ob't servant,

JOHN McDONOGH.

—
MONROVIA, LIBERIA,

March 8, 1844.

Hon. Mr. McDonogh :

DEAR SIR:—I with great joy send you these few lines, which will tell you where I am. I hope these may find you as well as they leave me—mother is quite well. I am staying with Mr. S. Benedict, and am doing very well for myself. I like this place very well, and don't want to return to America; but my greatest desire is that I may see you once more in this world. I have nothing much to say, as I expect you have had a good description of this place; for many of our people have been writing to you. My mother sends her love to you, and says she wants to see you very much, and that she would like to come over to America, but says she does not ever expect to see you again, in this life. She has been quite sick this three or four weeks back, but is better now. You will please remember my love to all your people, and take the same for yourself.

I expect you heard that we lost old uncle Peter, and also old uncle Richard has lost all his religion, and has turned out to be a great drunkard. All join me in love to you, and all. I have nothing much to say, but when I write again I shall try and send you some curiosities. I must close this by saying

I ever remain your

Most ob't and humble servant,

JOHN ROBERTS.

MONROVIA, up St. Paul's River,
May 10, 1844.

John McDonogh:

FATHER:—We have received your letter of May, containing your health, which caused us to rejoice. I have been partly blind ever since I have been here, and I have the breast complaint, the complaint I had before I left America. Will you be so kind as to send me some mustard seed and some flax seed for stomach complaint. Father, will you please to send me a pair of spectacles nearly my age. I am very much in want of clothing; will you be so kind as to send me some coarse clothing and some coarse shoes.

I remain, with esteem,

Your most ob't and hon. serv't,

BRIDGET.

—
HERE, father, I write a few lines in love, and I am rejoiced to hear from you, and that you are in good health.

I am in good health myself, through the blessing of God, and I am from morning till sunset at work on my farm, clearing and planting. I have made a good clearing on my land, and have considerable corn planted, and will try, by the help of God, to stock it with coffee-tree plant. I have planted a large piece in rice. Father, I shall be much obliged to you if you will send me a stone or still mill; for I have tried to cut out a stone to make a mill, but could not.

I have written to my godmother and brother for some things—to be sent by some emigrant vessel bound for Monrovia. Father, you will please notify her to give it you, and you will direct it to me.

Julia Ann, my wife, and Jonathan, my son, send their love to you. They are in good health. Give my love to all my fellow servants.

I am very well satisfied in this

beautiful land of our forefathers. In this place persons of color may enjoy their freedom. In Africa, if a man is industrious and experiences the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, he will be happy here, and hereafter.

I subscribe myself a servant of God, and the friend of my fellow men. This leaves all well except mother.

I remain, with esteem,

Your most ob't and hon. serv't,

A. L. McDONOGH.

P. S.—Father, I hope that after you have finished your course, and performed the work assigned to you by the Father, that you may take your flight to Heaven and sit at the right of God, with Isaac and Jacob, where you will be forever blessed. I hope we shall meet there to part no more.

—
GREENVILLE,

May 21, 1844.

Mr. J. McDonogh:

DEAR SIR:—With much pleasure I embrace this opportunity of addressing you with a few lines after a long silence. I hope that these few lines will find you in good health. I received your kind letter by Mr. George Ellis, and the fine musket, also, which I am very thankful to you for. But I am sorry to say that I have not had the opportunity of rendering any service to your people, as you requested of me, and I hope you know the cause. They did not come to our place, they stopped at Monrovia: but I am told they are doing very well. They have all got their farms, and are living on them. I am glad you take so much interest in our colony, and I hope to see some of your people here yet. Mrs. Reed's people are much pleased with their new homes.

The health of the people of this

place is good. I wish there were some more Mr. McDonoghs in the world,—it would be good for the poor black man.

Respectfully,

Your humble servant,

EDWARD MORRIS.

—
MONROVIA, LIBERIA,

August 7, 1846.

My dear master and friend Mr. McDonogh :

I take up my pen to write you a few lines, hoping that they will find you in as good health as I that write them, and that you may live a long number of years blessed by the Lord in every way, and to do more and more good on earth. Oh, sir, your kind letter to me, of January 2d, is received, and I read it with tears of joy, to think that you would write to one so low as me, and call me your dear son. I read it to all your people here, and it made us all to rejoice, and our tears to flow, when we remember you, and all your kindness, and that we should never see you any more in this world, but we trust we are only separated for a short time, to meet again and part no more.

You ask me to tell you all about this country, if it is a good country, and what we raise? I will tell you, sir, as well as I can. It is a fine country, the land is rich, and produces every thing but wheat. All kinds of garden stuff that grow in America, such as cabbage, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, onions, and tomatoes—rice, Indian corn, cassada, fruits of all kinds, oranges, &c., &c. The country is healthy for black people. Our children are increasing in number. We are all as happy and contented as we can be, seeing that we are separated from you, our dear friend and father. We would not change this country for any part of the world. We have plenty of

every thing but clothing, which is very dear.

All our people send their love to you and all our friends with you, and inform you that their prayers are put up to the Throne of Grace, night and day, for blessings on your heads. I am in haste to write this, as the vessel that carries it sails to-day, but will write to you, dear father, again soon. Oh, my prayer to God is, that he will bless and preserve you long in life, and at death receive you into Heaven.

All from your faithful servant, and son,

JNO. AIKEN.

—
MONROVIA, AFRICA,

November 11, 1846.

John McDonogh, Esq :

DEAR FATHER AND FRIEND:—It is with love I write you this, and all our friends join me in their love to you, our benefactor and kind master. The letter you wrote to Mr. Smith for us all, we read, and it made us happy to learn that you and all the friends we left with you at home, are well. Sir, be pleased to give them our love, and remember that you share it with them. We pray always, giving thanks to the Giver of all good, for His blessings to you and to them. We hope that this letter will find you as it leaves us here, all in good health. You ask us how we are getting on with our farms? We are doing very well, sir.—Have plenty of every thing, such as yams, sweet potatoes, corn, rice, cassada, garden vegetables and fruits of every description in the greatest abundance. Fowls in plenty, of all kinds. Hogs and goats. Our horned cattle are now beginning to increase. We have now fences made to secure them. When they ran out in the woods we lost them. As we have now got our plantations cleared and in good order, and our houses

finished, we are beginning to plant coffee-trees, and hope to be able to crop from them in two or three years, at least for our own use. This, sir, is a great and very fine country. The land is rich, and yields every thing in abundance, if the seed is planted and taken care of by keeping it clean of grass and weeds. Any man who will use common industry, and even work half of his time, can raise more of every thing than he can use, and have much to sell besides.

We should like to see you, sir, once more before we die, but we cannot hope for this; but we trust we shall meet again in a happier state, and be separated no more: for almost all your people have joined the church of our blessed Lord, and are made happy. We thank God day and night, that He cast our lot under so kind a master as you, sir, who helped us with your riches to get here, to this free and blessed land of our fathers, where the colored man can be happy, if he will but love and walk with God. Our hearts overflow, sir, when we think of you and all you have done for us poor black people; but the great God whom you serve, whom you taught us to serve, has blessed you, wonderfully blessed you, and will continue to bless you through many days yet to come here on earth, and translate you when your days are ended, we trust, into His heavenly kingdom. All of which, we, your poor black friends here in Africa, pray for day and night.

I will now end this, and subscribe myself, your friend and servant, till death,

A. JACKSON.

MONROVIA,

February 20, 1844.

To John McDonogh, Esq:

MY DEAR REVERED FATHER:—
Yes, my best benefactor on earth:—

Sir, I sit with emotions of much joy, to have these lines written unto you in answer to your kind letter of May first, 1843, which came safe to me notwithstanding the wreck of the barque *Renown*.

I assure you, sir, that on hearing your letter read it afforded me—yea, us all—an uncommon degree of joy. Particularly on reflecting upon what our good Lord has done for us, to provide us such a gentleman as you for our former master: one who, when we were sitting still, being contented with being the slave of a kind master; you considered our easiness, read, and thereby found a place on earth where we could be free indeed.—You gave us our liberty, spent your treasures in giving or procuring us passages to this our now delightful country, and now condescend to write to us by the endearing appellation of dear children. It seems almost too much—it almost seems not to be reality. But we thank God that he ever put it into your heart to do us this great kindness. We are in our own free soil, where none can molest us or make us afraid. We are sorry that you do not seem pleased with our present location. We would have been glad at first to have landed at the place where we would have to settle ourselves; but when we got to Monrovia, the people there generally said, that as the Governor had made no arrangements for us at Sinoe or Blue Barra that it would be a deathly undertaking to go down there. The Governor then thought we had as well settle on the St. Paul, which, on seeing, we thought a fine place. The land on the St. Paul is good—and now, after we have spent our little all, to break up and remove to Sinoe or Blue Barra, would certainly be ruinous to us. I believe nothing prevents many of us, seeing *you* desire it, from removing but this.

Judge Benedict, our lieutenant-governor now,—who has been more friendly to us than any other,—in reading your letter, which we handed him for his perusal, seemed anxious for us to go down, saying, that as you have done so much for us we ought to go. Which advice many of us would have followed, but we are moneyless.

We have our fields planted with potatoes, cassada, &c. Very few have planted any coffee plants as yet, although it grows finely. Judge Benedict's farm of coffee is truly splendid—a good sample for us all. Mr. Wilson and Willis has made some fine sugar and syrup. In the whole we are delighted with the country. Mr. Benedict has taken aunt Eliza and her son John to live with him on his farm, has built her a fine house, and she will, and is doing well, if she only believes herself properly. Aunt Philis is quite well, also Mr. Ellis, Lambreth and lady. They have quite a fine farm, and every convenience on it. Sister Rebecca, Matilda, Jack, George and wife, and aunt Polly, all beg to be remembered to you. At least, all of our people are doing very well. I do not recollect of our losing any one since you had the pleasure of hearing from us last. We rejoice to hear, also, from all of our old fellow-servants. Do tell them all howdy for us. Hoping that they will all so behave themselves to you, and try and serve the Lord, that he may open the way for them to get to these lands of civil and religious privileges. The box you sent aunt Phillis, with something in it for us, got lost in the wreck, but the pamphlets came safe, which we have read to our satisfaction. We are hopeful that they may be of much service in the United States, particularly to the holders of our race. The wealthier folks in Liberia live well and seem to enjoy

themselves very much. We have much religious enjoyment in the churches of different denominations, particularly the Methodists and Baptists. Other sects are fewer in number.

My husband unites me in love to you, and all friends. I have much more to say, but my sheet of paper is full, so I end by subscribing myself

Your very grateful servant,
MARY JACKSON.

—
MONROVIA, LIBERIA,
May 31, 1844.

DEAR SIR:—I avail myself of this opportunity of writing you a few lines to inform you of my health, and of all my family. I am now in good health, and I hope these lines may find you the same. Dear sir, please to give my best love to all my friends, and tell them to try to meet me in Heaven, that is, if I never more see them in this world. Please to give my love to Fanny, Ellen, Aggy, aunt Hannah, Sophia, aunt Sain, James Thornton, Park Nowel, Henry Mann, George Carpenter, Jerry, and little Henry, and David Crockett, and Charlotte Gainard and Randolph Temple, and to one and all of my friends, and above all, please to give my love to Mrs. and Mr. Andrew Danford, and tell them I am well and hope they are the same. Please tell them I wish they would send me something, if it is only some molasses. I would have sent them some preserves, but I have not got the sugar. I would have sent you some, but the main means is wanting. I have received your seeds, and thank you very much for your kindness. I hope the Almighty may bless you for so doing, both in this world and in the world to come. Yes, I have reason to rejoice, for you have done more for me than my father. Yes, sir, for there are ser-

vants which have been serving their master for fifty years, who, instead of being set at liberty, are carried to the auction market, and there sold to the highest bidder. Yes, how many thousands have been served in that way. Sometimes when I think of that, I often say, how good the Almighty was to me. Yes, he was more than good to bless me with the luck to have such a master as you. Please read this in the presence of all your servants, and tell them to look and see for themselves, that there is not another such man to be found under the heaven as your master—no, there is none. I suppose you think that I am free, and that you are in bondage, that is my reason for so saying; no, God forbid it. If that is your thoughts, you must all remember that I have been under the servitude of the same master; and I am no stranger to his ways and fashions. Yes, I thought the Sabbath was one of the most burthensome days I ever wished to see; but I find it was for my good, and if the same is going on now, I say it is the most, best and important thing that can be carried on by you; yes, I say never let your servants have too much pleasure on the Sabbath day, for it brings on sin and ruin. I have found, since I have been in Africa, that my custody on the Sabbath was for my good. Yes, and more than for my good, for it first taught me the way to God, and then enlightened my understanding: so all of you servants pay attention to your master, and go to school and learn. If such should not be obeyed, I think a little punishing would not be wrong. I, myself, was sometimes missing out of school, when sometimes you would put me in the barn, but instead of putting me in the barn, you should have taken me out and given me a severe flogging for not attending to what I have seen the

use of, since I have been here. So if they refuse to go to school you must punish them, both old and young; for a man that is fifty is not too old to learn: but I suppose a man thinks himself too big to be among children. But if I, myself, needed understanding, I would go among dogs, if I thought they were capable of teaching me. So farewell, may God bless you and keep you, is my faithful prayer. Amen.

NANCY SMITH.

P. S.—My mother sends her love to you and all of your people. She is getting quite old, but firm in grace. George and Susan have joined the Baptist Church; also, Matilda and little Nancy. Old man Peter is dead, and Thomas Young has a bad sore foot, all the rest is well.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA,

March 26th, 1847.

MY DEAR FATHER:—When I wrote my other I expected the vessel would have sailed before this; but, as it has not, I again sit to write you—as it always affords me pleasure to do so—and, when I am writing, I feel somehow as though I were near and conversing: consequently I derive pleasure from it. I neglected to tell you in my other letter, that from the corn you sent in the “Lime Rock,” in 1844, I raised more corn than has ever been raised by our farmers since the settlement of the colony, namely: forty barrels of as fine corn as you ever saw raised any where in New Orleans. I neglected also to inform you that I have a fine parcel of cocoanut trees on my farm, also the granadilla, a very delicious fruit, and the sugar apple, a very delicious fruit, sour sop, also another excellent fruit.

I send you a small box of coffee raised on my farm. You may find it a little more mashed than the coffee generally, as we have to clean it by beating it in a mortar; but you

will find it as good coffee as need be drank. Please give Lawer Hennen a little of it, and tell him it was raised on my farm from seed sown by me in a nursery, and drawn and set out. Julia, my sister, has had a fine son since I wrote you last—his name was “James Watts.”

Dear father, please be good enough to send me a grindstone and a corn mill, and the tools I mentioned in my other letter, as such things can't be got here. I have sent to New York once or twice for a mill, but can't get one out by order, and now I beg you to send me one. Mother joins me in love to Jim Thornton, Pa Noel, George Carpenter, Perry Fanny, and Ellen; she says tell Jerry Fanny and Ellen to recollect the advice she gave them before she left, respecting their duty to their master, and that they must seek the kingdom of Heaven and His righteousness, and all things shall be added to them. I have sent enclosed in your package a letter to Mr. Tutoh, your neighbor;

likewise one to Mr. Banney. As I did not know their given name I merely put their titles. Tell them you will receive anything they may wish to send me. Also one to the Rev. D. Wells, of New York, a correspondent of mine. I received a letter from him by the Mary Wilkes, appointing me the agent for the Presbyterian Mission of Settra Kroo. I received things at the same time for the mission at Settra Kroo, and have them in my store until an opportunity offers to send them down. So, dear father, if you will write me even when you forward his letter, and direct it to his care, he will most likely find an early opportunity of sending it out to me. And now, my dear father, I close by wishing that He who conducted Israel through the Red Sea, may protect, defend and bless you, and be unto you at all times as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Your affectionate son,
G. R. ELLIS M'DONOGH.

[From the Liberia Advocate.]

Liberia Anniversary Oration.

Delivered December 1st, 1846, in the Baptist Church, Monrovia, by Hon. H. Teage.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—As far back toward the infancy of our race as history and tradition are able to conduct us, we have found the custom every where prevailing among mankind, to mark by some striking exhibition those events which were important and interesting, either in their immediate bearing or in their remote consequences upon the destiny of those among whom they occurred. These events are epochs in the history of man—they mark the rise and fall of kingdoms and of dynasties—they record the movements of the human mind, and the

influence of those movements upon the destinies of the race; and whilst they frequently disclose to us the sad and sickening spectacle of innocence bending under the weight of injustice, and of weakness robbed and despoiled by the hand of an unscrupulous oppression; they occasionally display, as a theme for admiring contemplation, the sublime spectacle of the human mind, roused by a concurrence of circumstances, to vigorous advances in the career of improvement. To trace the operations of these circumstances from their first appearance, as effects from the workings of the human passions, until as a cause, they revert with combined and concentrated energy

upon those minds from which they at first evolved, would be at once a most interesting and most difficult task; and, let it be borne in mind, requires far higher ability and more varied talent than he possesses who has the honor this day to address you.

The utility of thus marking the progress of time—of recording the occurrences of events, and of holding up remarkable personages to the contemplation of mankind, is too obvious to need remark. It arises from the instincts of mankind—the irrepressible spirit of emulation, and the ardent longings after immortality; and this restless passion to perpetuate their existence which they find it impossible to suppress, it impels them to secure the admiration of succeeding generations in the performance of deeds, by which, although dead, they may yet speak. In commemorating events thus powerful in the forming the manners and sentiments of mankind, and in rousing them to strenuous exertion, and to high and sustained emulation, it is obvious that such, and such only should be selected as virtue and humanity would approve; and that, if any of an opposite character be held up, they should be displayed only as beacons, or as a towering Pharos, throwing a strong but lurid light to mark the melancholy grave of mad ambition, and to warn the inexperienced voyager of the existing danger.

Thanks to the improved and humanized spirit—or should I not rather say the chastened and pacific civilization of the age in which we live, that laurels gathered upon the field of mortal strife, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan, are regarded now, not with admiration, but with horror—that the armed warrior, reeking with the gore of murdered thousands, who

in the age that is just passing away would have been hailed with noisy acclamation by the senseless crowd, is now regarded only as the savage commissioner of an unsparing oppression, or at best, as the ghastly executioner of an unpitiful justice. He who would embalm his name in the grateful remembrance of coming generations, he who would secure for himself a niche in the temple of undying fame; he who would hew out for himself a monument of which his country may boast, he who would entail upon his heirs a name which they may be proud to wear, must seek some other field than that of battle as the theatre of his exploits.

Still we honor the heroes of the age that has past. No slander can tarnish their hard earned fame—no morbid sentimentalism sully their peerless glory—no mean detraction abate the disinterestedness of their conduct. They bow to the spirit of their age: and acting up to the light afforded them, they yielded to the dictates of an honest conscience. While assembled here to-day on this festal occasion to commemorate the event for which the founders of our infant republic toiled, and fought, and bled, we seem to behold the forms of the departed ones mingling in our assembly; we seem to behold them taking their seats by the side of their venerable compeers yet spared among us; watching with an intense anxiety the emotions which agitate our bosom, and marking the character of the resolves which the occasion is ripening. Rest in peace ye venerable shades! And ye their living representatives—calm be the evening of your days. We honor you. And though no sculptured marble transmit your fame, a nobler monument shall be yours: the happy hearts of unborn millions shall be the shrine in which your

names will be treasured. In your high example; in your noble disinterestedness; in your entire subordination of every thought and act, and scheme, and interest to the heaven-born purpose of human regeneration and human elevation, we hear the language of encouragement.

Fellow citizens, on this occasion, so big with subjects of profitable meditation, when it is so natural that the mind should oscillate between the events of the past, and the prospects of the future, we can conceive of nothing more proper than the inquiry, how we can best execute the solemn trust committed to our hand: how we may challenge and secure the admiration and the gratitude of a virtuous and a happy posterity, by transmitting to them the patrimony received from our fathers, not only in all its original entireness, but in vastly augmented beauty, order, and strength. In a word, how we may best conduct so as to incite them to high and sustained exertions in the cause of virtue and humanity.

In order to impress your minds with the propriety of this inquiry, there is, I trust, no need that I shall remind you of the peculiarity of our condition. It will suffice that I remark, that should you succeed in rearing upon the foundation already laid; or, to drop the figure, should you succeed in establishing a community of virtuous, orderly, intelligent, and industrious citizens, this very peculiarity must enter largely into every consideration on the amount of praise to which you shall be held entitled.

Let us, then, for a moment, look back, that from the events of the past, we may derive hope for the future.

We have not yet numbered twenty-six years since he who is the oldest colonist amongst us was the inhabitant—not the citizen—of a

country, and that, too, the country of his birth, where the prevailing sentiment is, that he and his race are incapacitated, by an inherent defect in their mental constitution, to enjoy that greatest of all blessings, and to exercise that greatest of all rights bestowed by a beneficent God upon his rational creatures—namely, the government of themselves. Acting upon this opinion; an opinion as false as it is foul; acting upon this opinion, as upon a self-evident proposition, those who held it proceeded with a fiendish consistency to deny the right of citizens to those whom they had declared incapable of performing the duties of citizens. It is not necessary, and therefore I will not disgust you with the hideous picture of that state of things, which followed upon the prevalence of this blasphemous opinion. The bare mention that such an opinion prevailed would be sufficient to call up in the mind even of those who had never witnessed its operations, images of the most sickening and revolting character. Under the iron reign of this crushing sentiment, most of us who are assembled here to-day, drew our first breath, and sighed away the years of our youth. No hope cheered us; no noble object looming in the dim and distant future kindled our ambition. Oppression—cold, cheerless oppression, like the dreary reign of an eternal winter, chilled every noble passion, and fettered and paralyzed every arm. And if among the oppressed millions that were found here and there, in whose bosom the last glimmer of a generous passion was not yet extinguished—one, who, from the midst of the inglorious slumberers in the deep degradation around him, would lift his voice, and demand those rights which the God of nature hath bestowed in equal gifts upon all His rational creatures, he

was met at once by those who had at first denied, and then enforced with the stern reply, that for him and for all his race liberty and expatriation are inseparable.

Dreadful as the alternative was; fearful as was the experiment now proposed to be tried, there were hearts equal to the task; hearts which quailed not at the dangers which loomed and frowned in the distance, but calm, cool, and fixed in their purpose, prepared to meet them with the watchword: Give me liberty or give me death.

On the 6th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty, the ship *Elizabeth* cast loose from her moorings at New York, and on the 8th day of March of the same year, the pilgrims first beheld the land of their fathers, the eloud-capt mountains of Sierra Leone, and cast anchor in that harbor. A few days after they again weighed anchor, stood to the South, and debarked upon the low and deady island of Sherbro. On the character of those who formed her noble company, I deem it unnecessary to remark. They are sufficiently commended to our esteem, as being the first to encounter the difficulties, and to face the dangers of an enterprise, which we trust is to wipe away from us the reproach of ages—to silence the calumny of those who abuse us, and to restore to Africa her long lost glory. I need not detain you with a narrative of their privations and sufferings; nor will I stop to tell you—though it would be pleasing for us to do so—with what happy hearts they greeted a reinforcement of pilgrims who joined them in 1821 by the *Nautilus*. Passing by intermediate events, which did the time allow it, would be interesting to notice, we hasten to that grand event—that era of our separate existence, the 25th day of April,

in the year of Grace, 1822, when the American flag first threw out its graceful folds to the breeze on the heights of Mesurado, and the pilgrims relying upon the protection of Heaven and the moral grandeur of the cause, took solemn possession of the land in the name of virtue, humanity, and religion.

It would discover an unpardonable apathy were we to pass on without pausing a moment to reflect upon the emotions which heaved the bosoms of the pilgrims, when they stood for the first time where we now stand. What a prospect spread out before them! They stood in the midst of an ancient wilderness, rank, and compacted by the growth of a thousand years, untinned and unreclaimed by a single stroke of the woodman's axe. Few and far between might be found inconsiderable openings, where the ignorant native erected his rude habitation, or savage as his patrimonial wilderness, celebrated his bloody rites, and presented his votive gifts to demons. Already the proprietors of the soil had manifested unequivocal symptoms of hostility, and an intention to expel the strangers as soon as an opportunity to do so should be presented. The rainy season, that terrible ordeal of foreign constitutions, was about setting in; the lurid lightning shot its fiery bolt into the forest around them, the thunder muttered its angry tones over their head, and the frail tenelements, the best which their circumstances would afford to shield them from a scorching sun by day, and drenching rains at night, had not yet been completed. To suppose that at this time, when all things above and around them seemed to combine their influences against them, to suppose they did not perceive the full danger and magnitude of the enterprise they had embarked in, would be to suppose not that they were

heroes, but that they had lost the sensibility of men. True courage is equally remote from blind recklessness and unmanly timidity; and true heroism does not consist in insensibility to danger. He is a hero who calmly meets, and fearlessly grapples the dangers which duty and honor forbid him to decline. The pilgrims rose to full perception of all the circumstances of their condition. But when they looked back to that country from which they had come out, and remembered the degradations in that house of bondage out of which they had been so fortunate as to escape, they bethought themselves; and recollecting the high satisfaction with which they knew success would gladden their hearts, the rich inheritance they would entail upon their children, and the powerful aid it would lend to the cause of universal humanity, they yielded to the noble inspiration, and girded them to the battle, either for doing or for suffering.

Let it not be supposed, because I have laid universal humanity under a tribute of gratitude to the founders of Liberia, that I have attached to their humble achievements, too important an influence, in that grand system of agencies which is now at work renovating human society, and purifying and enlarging the sources of its enjoyment. In the system of that Almighty Being, without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground:

"Who sees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall:
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst and now a world."

In the system of that Almighty One, no action of an immortal being is unimportant. Every action of every rational creature hath its assigned place in his system of operations, and is made to bear, however undesigned by the agent, with force upon the end which his wisdom and goodness have in view to accomplish.

On the morning of the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two—on that morning, just when the gloom of night was retiring before the advancing light of day, the portentous cloud which had been some time rising upon the horizon of Liberia, increasing and gathering blackness as it advanced, filling all hearts with fearful apprehension, burst upon the colony with the force of a tornado. The events of that day have marked it as the most conspicuous in our annals, and it is the anniversary of that day we are here assembled to celebrate.

And what, fellow citizens, are the particular circumstances of that most eventful day which more than the others awaken our exultation? On which one amongst them all is our attention most intensely fixed? Is it in that our fathers fought, and fought bravely, and strewed the ensanguined plain with the dead bodies of their savage assailants? Is it on the bloody lesson of their superiority which they taught in the hoarse thunder of the murderous cannon? Is it on that greater skill they displayed in the inglorious art of slaughter and death? I trust not. These trophies of their valor serve not to awaken exultation, but to call up a sigh of regret. It was as the possessors of far higher and nobler virtues they desired to be remembered; as such, we tenderly cherish the remembrance of them; and to exult over the fallen foe would be to grieve the pure spirit of those by whose arm the savage fell. Necessity, stern necessity, unsheathed their sword and forced them upon an alternative from which all the feelings of their heart turned with instinctive recoil.

But there is a circumstance connected with the events of that day, with which our hearts cannot be too deeply impressed, as it will serve on

each appropriate occasion as a check upon presumption. Think upon the number of the assailants, and compare it with the number assailed, and then say whether any skepticism short of downright, unblushing atheism, can doubt the interposition, in the events of that day, of an overruling Providence. Most emphatically does the issue of that contest declare—"The battle is not to the strong." The Lord was a shield around them, so that when their foes rose up against them, they stumbled and fell. To the interposition of an ever gracious Providence, manifested in no ordinary way, we owe the privileges and pleasure of this day.

At this epoch we date the establishment of the colony.

Having repulsed and sustained every external attack, and maintained its ground against the combined and concentrated forces of the country, it had now to commence its onward career. If there were any, who, because the colonists had repulsed the natives, supposed they had passed the greatest danger, and overcome the most formidable obstacles, they gave, in this very supposition, evidence of a deplorable ignorance of human nature and of human history. It is from within, that the elements of national overthrow have most commonly evolved; and the weakness under which nations expire generally, result from disease of the national heart. Luxury and ambition, oppression on the one side and insubordination on the other; these are the fatal elements which, with more than volcanic force rend to atoms the fabric of human institutions. A common danger, a danger equally menacing all, is almost sure to sink every minor and merely personal consideration, and to be met by a combination of energy, concentration of effort and unity of action; and in proportion as the pressure of

danger is great will there be want of scope for those passions which in a certain class possess such fearful and disorganizing potency.

From the period of their landing up to the moment of which we have just spoken, all minds had been possessed by an undefined apprehension of impending danger, and the first and the constant lesson which their critical position inculcated upon them was Union and Subordination. The pressure was now taken off, the angry cloud had passed away, the heavens shone bright and clear, the face of nature was calm and placid, and on every breeze was wafted the fragrance from the surrounding groves. All breathed freely. Each one had the time to look around him, to contemplate with calmness and composure the circumstances of his condition, and to select that particular mode of operation and line of conduct which was most congenial with his disposition. All were free—all were equal. Here was unbounded scope for the operations of the passions. Will they who have been declared incapable of enjoying liberty without running into the wildest excesses of anarchy: Will they now the gift is enjoyed in its largest extent, restrain themselves within the bounds of a rational and virtuous freedom? Will they connect those two ideas which are at one and the same time the base and the summit of all just political theories and which can never be separated? Will their liberty be tempered by just and wholesome law? Is it to be expected that a people just set free from the chains of the most abject oppression and slavery, can be otherwise than turbulent, insubordinate and impatient of the least restraint? It is among the things to be hoped, that they into whose minds the idea of political action had not been allowed to enter, will not, now political power be en-

trusted to their hands, rush into the wildest extremes of crude legislation.

Fellow citizens! the voice of twenty-four years this day gives the answer; and we are assembled to hear it, and let those who abuse us hear it; let them hear it and be forever silent when they hear that Liberty regulated by Law and Religion, free from superstition, from the foundation on which rests, the cement which unites, and the ornament which beautifies, our political and social edifice.

Let us now turn from those who preceded us and ask what are the peculiar obligations which rests upon us: what the particular duties to which we are called. Let us not suppose that because we are not called upon to drive the invading native from our door—that because we can lie down at night without fear—because the savage war-whoop does not now ring upon the midnight air, therefore we have nothing to do. No mistake can be more fatal. Ours is a moral fight. It is a keener warfare, a sharper conflict.

For after indulging to the utmost allowed extent in hyperbolic expression and figurative declamation, still we are forced to confess the work is but just commenced. The nervous arm of our predecessor marked out the site, and laid the foundation and reared the walls of the edifice. The scaffold is still around it. It is ours to mount it—to commence where they ended, and to conduct it onward towards a glorious completion. How shall we execute our trust—how shall we conduct ourselves so as to stand acquitted before the bar of coming generations, and obtain from them a favorable and an honorable verdict? By what means shall we secure and perpetuate our own prosperity, and transmit it an inheritance to our children? These

are questions which seem peculiarly appropriate to this interesting occasion. And let me congratulate you, fellow citizens, that you have the experience of others to guide you. The art of government is now elevated to the dignity of a science. The most gifted minds—minds which do honor to human nature, have been long turned to the subject; and maxims and propositions, which consecrated by time, had grown into the strength of axioms—maxims which had obtained universal assent and universal application—maxims which would have overwhelmed him who should have doubted them, with more than sacriligious turpitude, and sent him to atone for his presumption upon the scaffold, or in the gloomy depths of a dungeon—maxims the legitimate offsprings of ignorance and oppression, have been successfully explored, and the human mind disenthralled. That more than magical phrase in the hand of the despot, “the divine right of kings,” has lost its power to charm; and frequent examinations in the foundations of society have at length taught men the interesting truth, that the duties and rights of magistrate and subject are correlative—that government is made for the people, and not the people for the government; thus establishing the eternal truth first enunciated in the declaration of American independence, “That all men are free and equal.” The bare utterance of those ever memorable words by the immortal Jefferson, whilst it struck the fetters from the human mind, and sent it bounding on in a career of improvement, wrested the sceptre from the tyrant’s hand, and dissolved his throne beneath him.—“*Magna est varites et praevallebit.*” Truth threw a strong and steady light where there was nought but darkness before, man beheld his dignity and his rights,

and prepared to demand the one and sustain the other. But I return.—By what means shall we advance our prosperity.

The first requisite to permanent advancement, if I may so speak, is order. Order is Heaven's first law. It is this which imparts stability to human institutions, because while like the laws of nature it restrains each one in his proper sphere, it leaves all to operate freely, and without disturbance. Here will be no jostling. When I say order, I mean not to restrict the term to the ordinary occupations of life; I extend the word to mean a strict and conscientious submission to the established law. It is said to be the boast of that form of government under which we live, that no man, however high in office can violate with impunity the sacred trust committed to his hand, and long insult the people by trampling upon their rights: that the distinguishing excellence of a republican form of government is, that under it, oppression can have no place. This opinion I am not disposed to combat; but as it is a fact, that a safe and constitutional remedy for all grievances of this kind is in the hand of the people, this circumstance alone should dispose every one to submit for a time to some inconvenience rather than apply a rash and violent corrective. I admit there are cases in which the minions of office become so intoxicated with a little brief power, that forgetting all men are free and possessing certain constitutional privileges, and forgetting also that they were elevated to office not to be oppressors but conservators—their haughty, vexatious and oppressive conduct becomes intolerable. In such cases as these, let the strong indignation of an outraged public, calmly but firmly expressed, awaken the dreamer from his vision of great-

ness, and send him back to re-enact his dream in his original obscurity.

Another argument for order and subordination lies in the fact, that the laws are in the hands of the people. Legislators are not elevated to office for their private emolument and honor, but for the nobler purpose of advancing and securing the happiness of their constituents: and they are bound, by the most solemn considerations, they are bound, to enact such laws, and such laws only, as are suited to the genius and circumstances of the people. If they betray the high trust committed to them, and enact laws either oppressive or partial, the corrective is equally in the hands of the people. They have only to apply the constitutional remedy. Here then is no apology for disorder. Order, then, must be our rule; for without subordination and prompt and conscientious obedience to wholesome law, there can be no security for person nor property. The bands of society would be untwisted, and the whole fabric exposed to ruin on the first popular outbreak. Be it, then, fellow citizens, our first concern to sustain her officers in the proper discharge of their constitutional duties; to secure obedience to the laws and to preserve them from violation with the same jealousy with which we watch the first encroachment of power.

I observe, in the second place, that union among ourselves is absolutely necessary to prosperity. The idea of prosperity and stability where disunion reigns—where the elements of discord are actively at work; the idea of prosperity and stability in such circumstances could only serve to mislead. Can that army in which faction triumphs among the soldiers and disunion and jealousy distract the counsels of the officers, hope to succeed in a campaign? Where each is

afraid of the other, where no one has confidence in any ; where every one regards every other one with feelings not only of jealousy but of positive hostility, how can there be any hope to bring an unbroken-front to bear with undivided force upon any single point? I would observe also that the complexion of the soldier's mind will be sure to be tinged with that of his officers. In every community there will be found some few to whom the mass will look up with uninquiring deference. Mankind generally are averse to the labor of thinking. This circumstance separates those who should be very friends, and men file off under different leaders as fancy or caprice may dictate. Each party ranges itself under the banner of a leader whom it invests with all perfection of the political sagacity and political integrity. To his semi-brutal followers his word is law ; his decisions an oracle. Finding in him every attribute of perfection, they abandon the reins to his hand ; yield up the glorious privileges of thinking and examining, and prepare to follow him with a blind and implicit obedience. This unworthy abandonment of the public interests ; this surrender of a privilege to which every man is born, and which every man should exercise, is the capital of intriguing politicians and unprincipled political demagogues. And let me ask you, fellow-citizens, what scheme, however mad and absurd, which has been set on foot by these unprincipled leaders, has not had among the masses its advocates and adherents? Bad, however, as human nature is ; alluring and fascinating as are the glitter and privilege of place and power, this confidence has not been always abused. We could easily point out instances in which the influence which this disposition we have been adverting to,

has given men, has been exerted wholly and exclusively for the public good. But we must take human nature as we find it, and as we find this disposition every where prevalent, that the duty becomes imperative on all who have influence to exert it for the public good. The root of the jealousies and divisions among public men, will, generally speaking, be found planted in the soil of selfishness and ambition ; not in any real and sincere disagreement as to the proper measures for the public good. This, I admit, is always the avowed, the ostensible, but I am bold to say, not the real cause.

It is envy of place and emolument—it is ambition of power that array public men in a hostile attitude, and range their infatuated followers under their opposing banners. In the infancy of our political existence, let those amongst us who have credit with the people and influence over them, beware of so great infatuation. Let us recollect that all cannot govern ; that from the division and order into which society naturally resolves itself, all even of those who are worthy cannot stand in the foremost ranks. Let us remember that we equally serve our country whether we sit in the gubernatorial or presidential chair ; whether we deliberate in the hall of the Legislature or preside in the sanctuary of justice ; that we equally serve our country whether from the shades of cloistered retirement we send forth wholesome maxims for public instruction, or in the intercourse of our daily life we set an attracting example of obedience to the laws. That we equally serve our country, whether from the sacred desk we inculcate lessons of celestial wisdom, exhibit the sanctions of a heaven descended religion, and the thunders of an incensed Jehovah, or in the nursery of learn-

ing unfold the mysteries, and display the glories of science, recall and re-enact the deeds and the achievements of the past, and call back upon the stage the heroes, the patriots, and the sages of antiquity, to kindle the ardor, nerve the virtue, awaken the patriotism, elevate and purify the sentiment, and expand the mind of the generous and aspiring youth. Humble as many of those offices of which I have spoken are esteemed to be: obscure and concealed from vulgar gaze, and destitute of the trappings of office and the glitter of fame, as most of them actually are, it is, nevertheless, fellow citizens, not within the reach of our judgment to determine which one of them exerts the greatest influence on the destinies of our race. True dignity, and I may add, true usefulness, depend not so much on the circumstance of office as upon the faithful discharge of appropriate duties.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise:

Act well your part, there all true honor lies.

He who does best his circumstances allows,

Does well, and nobly: Angels could do no more."

It is the false notion of honor which has unhappily possessed the minds of men, placing all dignity in the pageantry of state and the tinsel of office which produces those collisions, jostlings and acrimony of contending factions which sometimes shake the fabric of society to its very foundations: it is by the maddening influence of this false notion that men, whose claim to respectful notoriety is inversely as their desire to be conspicuous, are sometimes urged to abandon their obscure but appropriate position in the line, and to rush into the foremost ranks. When men shall have learned wherein true honor lies—when men shall have formed correct ideas of true and sober dignity, then we shall see all the ranks of society

united as by a golden chain—then Ephraim shall not envy Judah—nor Judah vex Ephraim. Then the occupant of the palace and of the cottage—then the man in lawn and the man in rags will, like the parts of a well adjusted machine, act in perfect unison. Considering then the influence which in every community a few men are found to possess—considering also that each one of these influential men is sure to be followed by a party, we can hardly appreciate the obligation which rests upon them to abandon all jealousies and suspicions—to merge every private and personal consideration in thoughts for the public good, and to bring a mind untrammelled, and free from every party predilection, to a solemn deliberation on the great objects of public utility.

The education of our youth is the next subject to which I would direct your attention. "Knowledge is power"—is an old proverb—but not the less because it is old. This is the spring that regulates the movements of society—this is at once the lever and safety-valve of human institutions. Without it society will either not move at all, or, like an unbalanced enhelmed ship, move in a direction, and at a rate that must eventually destroy it. Education corrects vice; cures disorders; abates jealousies; adorns virtue; commands the winds; triumphs over the waves; scales the heavens. In a word, education lays all nature under tribute, and forces her to administer to the comfort and happiness of man. Nor is this all that education does. It ennobles and elevates the mind, and urges the soul upward and animates it to deeds of high and lasting renown. Education opens sources of pure, refined and exquisite enjoyment; it unlocks the temple of nature, and admits the awe-stricken soul to behold and admire the won-

drous work of God. An ignorant, vicious, idle community has the elements of destruction already in its bosom. On the very first application of a torch they will explode and lay the whole fabric in ruins. A virtuous, orderly educated people have all the elements of national greatness and national perpetuity. Would we be happy at home and respected abroad, we must educate our youth.

In professing to notice those things which are necessary to our prosperity, to the advancement of our prosperity, and the perpetuity of our prosperity, it is natural that you should expect that agricultural industry will be brought prominently into view. I think it may be safely affirmed that the virtue and independence of a people will be inversely as their attention is wholly given to commerce—that their virtue and independence is evermore to be measured by their pursuits of the wholesome and pleasing and primitive employment of husbandry. Go into the countries of Europe—examine their large manufacturing and commercial towns and cities. Then visit the rural, agricultural districts—compare the quiet, tranquillity, order, virtue, plenty of the latter, with the bustle, confusion, vice, and general dependence and poverty of the other, and you cannot fail to be struck, and deeply affected, by the frightful contrast. And wherefore? Is not commerce called the great civilizer of the world? Is it not the means by which nations become acquainted and hold communion with each other? Is it not by this means that the great and master minds of one nation commune with kindred minds of other nations? Is it not the channel through which improvements in art, in science, in literature, in all that adorns, dignifies, and ennoble human nature, flow on the wings of

the wind from country to country? Grant it. It is not my purpose to pronounce a wholesale anathema upon commerce. I appreciate its high importance in improving our race. It is excess I would discourage—it is the wretched deteriorating influence it will exert upon a people, when by absorbing their whole attention it keeps them looking constantly abroad to the neglect of the improvement of their own country. It is to this I would call your attention. Again. Let it not be forgotten, that if commerce imports improvements, it imports vice also. It offers the same facilities for the transmission of both. The same vessel that brings us the Book of God brings us also the Age of Reason; and in one and the same ship, we not unfrequently find the devoted self-sacrificing missionary, and that accursed thing which a celebrated orator, with characteristic energy, has styled—liquid fire, and distilled damnation!!

In the natural, or more properly the vegetable world, we have sometimes seen exotics outstripping in rapidity of growth the natural spontaneous productions of the soil. In this we have not a very unhappy illustration of the rank growth of imported vices. These baneful exotics, grafted on the tree of indigenuous corruption, seem to receive and impart unwonted vigor from the contact; and the result is a fruit of the most disorganizing potency. An examination into the moral state of towns and districts wholly given to commerce and manufactures will fully sustain this remark. How, let me ask you, can there be order where the nature of the pursuits which engross all minds demand ceaseless hurry, bustle, and confusion? where to stop to breathe, is to be at once outdone, and where he who can move most swiftly amid the greatest

confusion is thought to be the smartest man! In respect of virtue. Is it to be thought of except for the purpose of holding it up to ridicule, in a place where the vicious of all countries meet; and where females of every class and character, far from the watchful eye of parental solicitude, are huddled together in one promiscuous throng, and dependent for their daily bread upon the freaks and fancies of unprincipled employers! Lowell in America is, I believe, the only large manufacturing town where virtue is held in the least esteem. What shall I say of honesty and integrity? where the lowest, basest arts are practiced for gain. Where all is intrigue and circumvention—where the maxim prevails, all is fair in trade—where each regards the other as lawful game—where one can gain only by the loss of the other—where, in a word, rascality is fair play and villainy systematic—where, fellow citizens, let me ask you, where in such a community is there room for honesty? Can the heart fail in such circumstances to become deadened to every feeling of humanity—steeled against every generous and ennobling impulse? I will not venture to affirm that the result we have just noticed is universal. I admit with pleasure there are honorable exceptions—but I do affirm that what I have said forms the general rule.

But let us turn from these scenes of noise and smoke and deep depravity, and visit the quiet abode of the farmer and husbandman. What tranquillity reigns here, and order, and peace, and virtue! Behold the farmer as he goes forth in the morning to his daily task. How firm and elastic his step; how cheerful his sun-burnt countenance, how active his athletic arm! Behold how cheerfully he labors; how the fallowies around him laugh with corn;

how the spacious plants teem with grain, and the ancient forest fall beneath his resounding axe! Follow him, when the labor of the day is over, follow him to his humble home. See him surrounded by an affectionate and industrious and frugal wife, unsophisticated by the vices and dissipations of the fashionable world, and by a prattling progeny blooming in health, and big with promise for future usefulness. No cankering cares gnaw his peaceful bosom; no uncertain speculation disturb his quiet slumbers; revolutions in foreign lands, damming up the channels of trade, cloud the serenity of his brow. Oh! if there be a spot on earth where true happiness is to be found, here is that spot.

But we take a higher and a more extended view of this subject, and regard it in its bearing on political economy. And my first remark is, that no nation can be independent which subsists wholly by commerce. And here let it be observed once for all, that I use the word independent in a sense altogether distinct from sovereignty. I admit that there may be a temporary prosperity; that so long as peace prevails amongst nations connected by commercial and diplomatic relations—so long as each acts in perfect faith, and maintains, in all their entireness, and in all their integrity, his treaty stipulations, there may not be a felt want of the necessities, or even of the luxuries of life. There may, perhaps, be a large influx of the precious metals. Nothing, however, could be more fallacious, than to regard activity as an indication of independence or permanent prosperity. For I remark, in the second place, that so uncertain are the operations of trade, so suddenly are its channels and outlets closed by misunderstandings and ruptures between rival nations; so liable is it to paralyzing shocks from

intriguing cabinets and wily politicians, the operations of one year scarcely afford any ground for conjecture in regard to the operations of the next. Let us illustrate our position by an humble supposition.

Suppose the surrounding country should suddenly relent, throw wide its door, and shake its teeming wealth of gold and ivory and woods and gums into our lap; and the native African, patient of labor and of travel, should supply us at the most accommodat- ing rates with all the coarser food for our consumption. Suppose ves- sels should flock to, (as under such circumstances, vessels would most assuredly flock to our shores,) offer- ing us in exchange for the produce thus liberally poured in upon us, the conveniences, elegancies, and luxuries of foreign countries. Sup- pose every man desert his farm, and betake himself to trading as the more easy and the more speedy road to wealth. There would cer- tainly be great activity and great prosperity. But would we be in- dependent? One more supposi- tion, and the important and interest- ing problem is solved. Suppose the paths to the interior are suddenly blocked up by feuds among the tribes; all ingress cut off, and trade suspended. Where, then, are our supplies? Would we be able to re- turn to our farms, and draw thence articles of exchange with foreign na- tions? By no means. In the mania for trade our farms have been de- serted, and like the land on which a curse rests have long laid fallow. Think you, fellow citizens, that our trade once gone, we would again be- hold the French, the Bremen, the American, and English flags floating to the breeze in our harbor. From that hour you might bid a long adieu to every white face but that of a missionary. Fellow citizens! our prosperity and independence are to

be drawn from the soil. That is the true highway to honor, to wealth, to private and national prosperity.

Liberians! do not disdain the hum- ble occupations! It commends itself to our attention, ennobled and sancti- fied by the example of our Crea- tor. "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleas- ing to the sight and good for food. And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress and to keep it." Never, never, until this degenerate age, has this simple primitive patriarchal occu- pation been despised.

"In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared, your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summers day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived."

Thus sings the author of *The Sea- sons*, one of Briton's sweetest bards.

The last remark time will allow me to make under this head, is, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." All attempts to correct the depravity of man, to stay the head-long propen- sity to vice—to abate the mad- ness of ambition, will be found de- plorably inefficient, unless we apply the restrictions and the tremendous sanctions of religion. A profound regard and deference for religion, a constant recognition of our depen- dence upon God, and of our obliga- tion and accountability to Him; an ever-present, ever-pressing sense of His universal and all-controlling providence, this, and only this, can give energy to the arm of law, cool the raging fever of the passions, and abate the lofty pretensions of mad ambition. In prosperity let us bring out our thank-offering and present it with cheerful hearts in orderly, virtuous, and religious conduct. In

adversity let us consider, confess our sins, and abase ourselves before the throne of God. In danger let us go to Him, whose prerogative it is to deliver; let us go to Him with the humility and confidence, which a deep conviction that the battle is not to the strong, and the race to the swift, is calculated to inspire.

Fellow citizens! we stand now on ground never occupied by a people before. However insignificant we may regard ourselves, the eyes of Europe and America are upon us, as a germ destined to burst from its enclosure in the earth, unfold its petals to the genial air, rise to the height, and swell to the dimensions of the full-grown tree, or (inglorious fate!) to shrivel, to die, and be buried in oblivion. Rise, fellow citizens, rise to a clear and full perception of your tremendous responsibilities! Upon you, rely upon it, depends, in a measure you can hardly conceive, the future destiny of your race. You are to give the answer whether the African race is doomed to interminable degradation—a hideous blot on the fair face of creation, a libel upon the dignity of human nature, or incapable to take an honorable rank amongst the great family of nations! The friends of the colony are trembling, the enemies of the colored man are hoping. Say, fellow-citizens, will you palsy the hands of your friends and sicken their hearts, and gladden the souls of your enemies by a base refusal to enter upon the career of glory which is now opening so propitious-

ly before you? The genius of universal emancipation bending from her lofty seat invites you to accept the wreath of national independence. The voice of your friends swelling upon the breeze, cries to you from afar: Raise your standard! assert your independence!! throw out your banners to the wind!! And will the descendants of the mighty Pharoahs that awed the world—will the sons of his who drove back the serried legions of Rome, and laid siege to the “Eternal City”—will they, the achievements of whose fathers are yet the wonder and admiration of the world—will they refuse the proffered boon, and basely cling to the chains of slavery and dependence? Never! never!! never!!! Shades of the mighty dead—spirits of departed great ones, inspire us, animate us to the task—nerve us for the battle! Pour into our bosom a portion of that ardor and patriotism which bore you on to battle, to victory, and to conquest.

Shall Liberia live? Yes; in the generous emotions now swelling in your bosoms—in the high and noble purpose now fixing itself in your mind, and ripening into the unyieldingness of an indomitable principle, we hear the inspiring response—Liberia shall live before God and before the nations of the earth.

The night is passing away—the dusky shades are fleeing, and even now

“Second day stands tiptoe
On the misty mountain top.”

[From the Kentucky Colonizationist.]

Letters from Bassa Cove.

WE give the following letters a place in our publication, just as they were written. Mr. Moore will accept our thanks for them. Letters from the colonists are needed.

BASSA COVE,
Jan. 18, 1846.

This loves me well, and I hope you ar the same. I was very glad to hear from you indeed, and more

asspeshel, becaus that wase the first letter that I reseved from you sace my arival in this countray. It semes to me that the pepel have forgot me altogether. I hope we will be abel to cepe up a regular correspondence with each other hereafter.

The firs thing that I will consider, is the conditiun of the collo-nay. From the information that I have reseved since my arival, I am hapay to say this is a very good countray, and any man may make a living in this countray if he will.

Let us notice the land. The land is good. The land in one mille of the ocion is good enufe to rase any thing most on it; and the father you go back the better the land is. The land is not very large timber, but very good. I have some timber in this countray four feet in diameter. But I do not think that is as large as timber in the U. States, tharefor I say it is not verry large. The land is verry well timbered—that is, thar is a plenty of it.

Hillay Land.—The land is not very hillay—it is as level as any countray, or as any part of the U. States as I have scene. Thar is a chane of mountains that runs from the norther extremety of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope. Thes ar verry large mountains. This I have from moderron travelers.

Produce of Africa.—There is palm oil, rice, casander, yams, potatoes, coffay, cabbish, water mellons, and many other things that I might name, sugar cane, &c. &c. Cattle, sheep, hogs, goats, and fowls of various kinds, &c.

Crimes.—Thar is indeed some crimes in this countray of a very bad natcher, but not a grate menay of them.

Religion.—This pepel is a religis pepel, thare is no queston about that. Thay ar a Church going pepel.

They go to meeting evry Sabbath. I had the pleshur of being at the last Anul Conferance at Monrovia, on the 9th instand, and I remaned thare for some days, and was verry mutch grattefide, hevving some verry abel ministers.

The number of the settlements.—Thar ar ten or fifteen settlements, but Monrovia is the largest—that also is the seat of government. We have legislatter every yere, commensing on the 5th of this month. The business is maniged very well indeed, this I am a witness to, I have been in the legislater and seen them myself. Myself and my mother's family—my mother is well, and my sister and two brothers; Asberry and mother, the pepel that came to this countray with us, the Majers thare is three men and two wimmen alive; Hopkins, two alive; Alexander Horland, mother and two of his sisters—he is dead; the most of his pepel did not die with the fever, some of theme was shot in the last ware with the natives. As for the pepel, they ar all employed in doing something. Thar is not any of the very lazy, by this do not understand me to say there is no lazy ones among us, for thar is. I expect to come to the U. States before long, if you think it advisabel. I am doing a littel of most every thing.

I am yours,

WESLEY HORLAND.

This letter is not all I will send, I will send another letter soon. H.

Mr. JAMES MOORE,

Kentucky, Christian county.

BASSA COVE,

Jan. 19th, 1846.

I told you that I would say something more in my next that would afford you more satisfaction, as it regards this countray. The next thing that I will notice, is the situation of the settlements. Monrovia

is the Cappel of the Colony of Liberia. The population of Monrovia is about one thousand men, women and children. This settlement is on a Cape extending in the Atlantic ocean, and it is a very elevated place. It is bound on the north by the ocean, on the east by the Sent Pal's river, and on the west by the ocean. The buildings are made of wood, stone and bricks; the people that live here are those that follow merchandizing. The revenue is somewhere between eight and ten thousand dollars a year. There are mechanics also in the place of almost every kind, so there is not much need of moving the different employments. There is also three or four settlements up the Sent Pal's river. These people are farmers, so they live without having any thing to do with trading; these settlements are about 18 miles from the settlements; there are some mission stations the other side of the settlements. Marshall or Junk.—This settlement is somewhere about 50 miles south of Monrovia, situated on the Junk river, bound on the south by the main branch of the river, on the west by the Atlantic ocean, and on the east by the north branch of the said river. Ediner.—This is a fine little settlement, 40 miles south of Marshall, situated on the north side of the Sent John's river; the people of this settlement are improving very fast both ways; they are the most of them farmers; this settlement is one that has been blessed; they have never had a pestilence when sense the settlement of people in the place. It is situated on the north side Sent John's river, bound on the east by the Meehlen river, and on the west by the ocean. Bexley.—This settlement is six miles from Ediner, on the north side of the St. John's river. Bassa Cove.—This little place is had more to contend with than the

most of the settlements; it has been consumed by fire by natives; but we have nothing to dread at this time. This settlement is the capital of the country of Grand Bassa. This is a very fine settlement, and the best that I have seen since I have been in this country. This settlement is one mile south of Ediner, situated on the south side of the St. John's river, bound on the east by the Benson river, on the west by the ocean. Senoe.—This settlement is somewhere about 100 miles south of Bassa Cove. Cape Palmas.—This settlement is somewhere between 200 or 150 miles south of Senoe.

Monrovia settled twenty years ago; the population 1,000, without the upper settlements; the upper settlements have between 5 and 600; Marshall 80—Ediner have been settled ten or fifteen years; population between 75 and 120—Beeley have been settled six years; it has somewhere about 150—Bassa Cove somewhere about the same—Cape Palmas have somewhere about 150 or 100.

This I think will answer for the settlements. As for myself, I am, by endeavoring, by the assistance of God, to do the best I can. I am endeavoring to preach the Gospel of Christ, and this I think nothing less than my duty. I am a member of the Methodist Church. I have not been sick two weeks since I have been in this country, and if the Lord is willing, I intend to see you face once more. I do hope you will advise me what to do in this respect. I would like to come there very well; but I do not know the law that you have among you as yet. I would be glad if you would write me all the news. Write to my people for me. This leaves me well.

I remain yours truly with respect,
W. J. HORLAND.

MR. JAMES MOORE,

Kentucky, Christian county.

[From the Spirit of Missions.]

Missionary Intelligence.

AFRICA.—Since our last number went to press, the long looked-for letters from the mission in Western Africa have arrived, bringing advices up to the 29th of October. They confirm the painful intelligence of the death of the Rev. E. J. P. Messenger, which as mentioned in a former number took place in March last, and likewise bring news of the decease of another faithful laborer in the Mission, Mrs. Catharine L. Patch, who died at Cavalla, in the same month. Our readers are referred to the letters and journals published in this number, for full and most interesting details of these afflicting events. While we mourn over these sad dispensations of a wise Providence, we cannot but “rejoice and give thanks” for the grace of God which sustained the dying Missionaries, and at the same time animated the zeal, and confirmed the faith, of their surviving brethren.

We desire affectionately and earnestly to ask the members of the Church of Christ, to be more mindful of the duty of intercession in behalf of Missionaries in heathen lands. No Christian man doubts the efficacy of such prayers, but alas! few act, in this respect, in accordance with their convictions. In addition to the death of two of our laborers in Africa, the letters just received make mention of the sickness and debilitated condition of others. We learn, with great concern, that the health of the Rev. Dr. Savage has become so seriously impaired, as to render necessary a termination of his connexion with the Mission. Much to the sorrow of his brethren in Western Africa, of whom he had been a most faithful and effi-

cient fellow laborer for several years, and as much to the regret of the Foreign Committee, he contemplates returning home this spring, without any hope of being able to resume his station abroad.

It is in relation to these events, that the Rev. Mr. Payne, in one of his letters, just received, makes the following remarks:

“In reviewing the past six months I feel deeply that this period has been a season of severe trial to the faith of the Mission, and of the Church at home. I pray ‘that their faith fail not.’ I pray that it may ever keep in mind, that in proposing to establish a Mission in Africa at the first, the Church had distinctly in view that it was a land of sickness and death; that its Missionaries offered themselves for this work, ‘not counting their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy;’ and that it is only by such sacrifices as have already been made, that the command of Him ‘who gave himself for the world,’ ‘Go preach the gospel to every creature,’ can be obeyed with reference to this large province of Satan’s empire.”

While these events have weakened the force of the Mission, all our letters speak most encouragingly of the prospects of missionary labor. The stations in Western Africa ^{show} the abundant promise of a blessing; and, as a due regard to the ^{of} our Missionaries demand, that they should be allowed a leave of absence every three or four years, it follows that, in order to sustain our operations on that coast, even on their present scale, an addition to the Mission of at least four clergymen will be required

within the present year. May God put it into the hearts of some among those who are looking forward to the Ministry, to consecrate themselves to this work.

CHINA.—Bishop Boone, under date of July 23d, writes as follows:—

“With respect to our affairs, I can truly say, I have never been so encouraged in the Missionary work. I have three candidates for baptism, and a very promising state of feeling among several of my catechumens. I intend to try the catechetical system on as large a scale as possible; get up classes in each of our cures, and try to fix the great truths of the Gospel in the minds of hundreds. This will aid the brethren, and supply their want of a knowledge of the language; and the Creed and Ten Commandments once understood, will render sermons much more intelligible to the parties so instructed. The last has been one of the years of hardest labor and most anxiety of my whole life; but I have been but little among the people. I hope soon to be able to spend a portion of every day in their midst, preaching the truth.”

THE Rev. Samuel A. Taylor has arrived in the United States from Constantinople, having been compelled to resign his connexion with the Mission, in consequence of ill health.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The following item of intelligence is copied from the Charleston Gospel Messenger. It is doubtless derived from a source entitled to credit, but the Foreign Committee have no knowledge of the events alluded to:

“*Mission in Turkey.*—The ‘Church Times’ (Baltimore) says the statements of his correspondent in the East may be implicitly relied on, and he states that a request has been presented to our Mission at Constantinople, to occupy the ground vacated by the Patriarch of the Chaldean (Papal) Church, whose see is at Moosool, in Mesopotamia; also ‘to provide for the instruction and reception into the communion of our Church, of several thousand Oriental Papists in another region, who have in a body desired to be delivered from the dominion and errors of Rome.’”

[From the Liberia Advocate.]

John McDonogh's Letter.

WE have been repeatedly solicited to republish the celebrated letter of this remarkable man—published in the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, in the summer of 1842—detailing that splendid scheme of practical patriotism and philanthropy by which he educated and prepared for freedom and colonized in Liberia upwards of 80 slaves.

We have delayed doing so until we could obtain authentic information in regard to the condition and prospects of those people in Liberia;

desiring, if practicable, to obtain from Mr. Donogh himself another letter, giving his views on this branch of the subject.

In an interview had with him in New Orleans, in April last, he very kindly offered to furnish us for publication such a letter. In the mean time, in the most obliging manner, he gave us several letters addressed to him by his former servants, now free citizens of Liberia. These letters breathe a spirit of gratitude to their benefactor, “for having treated them

as a kind father, instead of a harsh master;" and they also express themselves as entirely satisfied with their new home, and pleased with their situation and prospects.

Mr. McDonogh is preparing another company of about the same number for emigration to Liberia.

We had the pleasure of attending Divine service with these people at the private chapel of Mr. McDonogh. We were accompanied by Mr. A. Hennen, Esq., of New Orleans, and the Rev. Mr. Sawtell, of New York. The service was conducted in an intelligent and edifying manner, by one of Mr. McDonogh's servants.

The persevering diligence, ardent zeal, and encouraging success with which this gentleman is, and has been for twenty years past, devoting himself to the spiritual improvement of his servants, deserves to be held up to the admiration of all our countrymen, and the imitation of those who have it in their power to do so.

We intend to enrich the columns of our next number with the letters above referred to, and to give some further information obtained from conversation with Mr. McDonogh concerning this noble and successful experiment.

This information should be in every household in America, and especially in the southern portion of it. We would be pleased to receive orders for *extra numbers* of the next paper before it goes to press. We would fill such orders, and forward them by mail or otherwise, as

directed, at two dollars a hundred. Indeed, such is our estimation of its value, that, had we the pecuniary ability, we would send it at our own expense to every minister of the Gospel, legislator, judicial officer, and planter in our country.

We received a letter a few days since from one of the officers of the Mississippi Colonization Society, and one of the earliest and ablest friends of the cause in that State, containing the following just and manly sentiments on this subject, viz: "What an efficient friend to colored men is John McDonogh! Will not others who can, follow an example that combines so much of personal interest—quiet in the operation, and humanity in the result?"

Few, I know, have the talents or advantages of independence and position which he possesses. But there are some every where, who by judicious management, might with advantage to themselves, send more or fewer well qualified colonists to Liberia, at periods by no means few or far between. Would that such were the case! How, then, would that interesting colony extend itself far along the Western Coast of Africa, a *cordon sanitaire* shutting out the man-stealer and the rumseller, those pestiferous exhibitions of the *Christian* character, which must render the Christian name odious even to barbarians."

We trust that these letters will be carefully and extensively read, and seriously pondered, and efficiently acted on.

Regeneration of Africa.

A foreign correspondent of one of the newspapers, to illustrate European ignorance of America, tells of a traveller from the United States, who, somewhere in France or Ger-

many, was promised an introduction to two of his countrymen; but those countrymen of his, on meeting them, proved to be South Americans from the coast of the Pacific

ocean. Errors equally gross are not peculiar to Europe. They are habitually committed in this "most enlightened nation of the earth," when Africa is the subject of remark. For example, parents are afraid to have their daughters go as missionaries to Southern Africa, in the South Temperate Zone, where the climate is about like that of the mountainous parts of the Carolinas, because white people die so quickly—four or five thousand miles to the northwest, nearly under the Equator. Others think to prove that the mental capacity of the negro is equal to that of the European, by telling us of Hannibal and Augustine, of whom one was of Phœnician, and the other of Roman descent. As well might some African writer mention Washington and Jonathan Edwards as specimens of the native Indians of Mexico.

This habit of speaking, thinking, and acting concerning Africa, as if it were all one country, and all alike, is continually working out practical mischief. The statements that are perfectly true concerning Africa—that is, *Western Africa*, Sudan, Nigritia, the immense region where are Liberia, Sierra Leone, &c. Those statements deter white people from attempting to do good in regions where they might live and labor as safely as in most parts of the world; and on the other hand, the fact that white people can enjoy health at Capetown, which is about as far south as Wilmington, N. C., or Columbia, S. C., is north, leads some to doubt whether the statements concerning the climate of Guinea are true, and whether, after all, the civilization of that region must be the worth of colored men. A brief statement of well known facts ought to be sufficient to dispel these illusions.

The principal divisions of Africa,

according to the arrangement most convenient for our present purpose, are these :—

I. **NORTHERN AFRICA**; a narrow strip of land, between the Mediterranean Sea, and the Great Desert, in the latitude of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Algiers is very nearly in the latitude of Richmond. The soil is fertile, and the influence of the sea breezes and of the mighty Atlas and other mountain ranges, give it a better climate than is enjoyed by many parts of our southern States. The settlement of this country by Phœnicians, a Canaanitish race, is a matter of historic record. It is also proved by the Berber language, which is still spoken in some parts, by what appear to be remnants of the aboriginal population, and which Gesenius has shown to be identical with the ancient Carthaginian or Phœnician. After the fall of Carthage, it received a large Roman population, mixed doubtless with Greek. It was afterwards subdued and occupied by some of the Teutonic tribes who overthrew the Roman Empire, and still later, by Saracens from Asia. From the time of the Carthaginians, it has always contained some negro slaves, brought by caravans across the Great Desert from Sudan, and a sprinkling from the various tribes inhabiting the Great Desert itself. From these sources, chiefly, the present inhabitants are derived.

II. **EGYPT, NUBIA, AND ABYSSINIA**; *the Valley of the Nile*.—This region has been subject to all the great dynasties, African, Asiatic, and European, which have governed the Eastern world, and its population is derived from all its successive conquerors—from the ancient Egyptians, whose posterity the Copts are supposed to be—and from negro slaves, who have been there, with

the same banjos, dances, and other characteristics that now distinguish them, ever since the excavation of the oldest catacomb that has yet been explored.

These two divisions were the seats of ancient African Christianity; and it was confined to these regions. It never penetrated beyond the Valley of the Nile and the Roman provinces of North Africa.

III. THE SAHARA, or GREAT DESERT; extending from the Valley of the Nile to the Atlantic ocean. This is an immense elevated table land, covered in some places with loose, moving sand, but more generally with gravel and pebbles, not water-worn, but sharp and angular. About one-third of the way from the Nile to the Atlantic, a tract of broken and somewhat mountainous land, extends across it from north to south, dividing the eastern third, which is usually called the Lybian Desert, and which extends northward in some places quite to the Mediterranean, from the western two-thirds, to which the name Sahara more appropriately belongs. Both divisions contain some hills, and numerous depressions, where water and vegetation are found. Such a depression is called by the Arabs a wady, and by the Greeks, an oasis, which is probably only a bungling attempt to write the Arabic word in Greek letters, and with a Greek termination; the *o* having nearly the effect of *w*, and the *a* broad.

These wadys and their inhabitants are probably much more numerous than has usually been supposed. The inhabitants appear to be derived from the same stocks as the people of Northern Africa and the Valley of the Nile.

IV. SOUTHERN MOGHREB.—This term we are forced to borrow from the Arab Geographers; in whose

writings the name Moghreb, or Maghreb, denotes all the Muhammedan region of Africa, west of the Valley of the Nile, including also, probably Spain, or a part of Spain. We use the term southern moghreb, to designate a narrow tract of fertile land, extending along the southern border of the Great Desert, from near the Valley of the Nile to the Atlantic. It contains Bournou, and other kingdoms around the great central lake Tchad; Saccatoo, on a confluent of the Niger; Timbuctoo; and the Muhammedan tribes on and near the Senegal. It is probably the most populous region of its extent in Africa. Its inhabitants, as already implied, are generally Muhammedans. They have among them the knowledge of letters, and many of the arts of civilized life. They are, to some extent, a mingled people. Yet it is certain that many of them are of Berber origin, and others are descended from Arab tribes, the dates of whose successive migrations they confidently give, extending back almost to the time of Ishmael himself. But, living on the immediate borders of Sudan, and in constant intercourse with its people, both in peace and war, and especially in the way of enslaving them, there is doubtless a much stronger infusion of negro blood among them than is found farther north.

V. The BELAD ES SUDAN of the Arab Geographers—that is, the *country of the blacks*; called by the Latin writers, *Nigritia*, and by the Portuguese voyagers and historians, *Upper Guinea*. It extends from the Atlantic on the west to Abyssinia on the east; and from Southern Moghreb on the north to the Zingian tribes on the south. For a more precise idea, cast your eye upon a map of Africa. The Atlantic coast of Sudan commences a little south

of Cape Verde, and extends southwardly and south-eastwardly, about 700 miles to Cape Palmas, and then eastwardly, 1,200 or 1,300 miles to the Bight of Benin and the Calabar river, where the coast turns again to the southward. From this turn of the coast, continue the line eastwardly, or perhaps south-eastwardly, nearly across the continent. In the central parts, this line should probably touch, and perhaps cross the Equator. The immense region north of this line, and south of Southern Moghreb, containing, probably, about two millions of square miles, is the Belâd-es-Sudan, the Country of the Blacks. It is all, so far as is known, habitable, and inhabited. It has been, from time immemorial, the home of the negro, where his form, features, complexion, and all his characteristics, are most fully developed. It appears to have extended northward originally, to the Great Desert; but the Muhammedan tribes have gradually encroached upon it, and formed what we have called Southern Moghreb from its northern parts. As the portions which remain are generally mountainous, and not adapted to the operations of the Moghrebite cavalry, the aboriginal negroes still maintain their independence. They are, however, and always have been, subject to the slave-hunting incursions of their neighbors on all sides, and of each other. The climate of the whole coast, of two thousand miles or more, is destructive to the lives of white men; and the interior, with few and small exceptions, has hitherto proved inaccessible. The people are Pagans, with a mixture of the Muhammedan superstitions in the northern parts.

VI. THE GALLA REGION.—From Sudan to the Indian ocean, and from Abyssinia to the Equator, the Galla tribes predominate. Some have in-

ferred from their language and physical characteristics, that they are of Malay origin, and kindred to the people of Madagascar. The coast itself, however, for some two thousand miles southward from the outlet of the Red Sea, is held by the Imaum of Muscat, the greatest slave trader, probably, in the world. The blood of its inhabitants is probably more or less mixed with that of all the Asiatic nations who have traded there, from the time of Solomon and Hiram to the present day.

VII. THE ZINGIAN REGIONS.—For a more full account of these, see the article on "Africa, South of the Equator," in the Repository for January. It was there shown that the natives of that whole region, with the exception of the Hottentot tribes, are of one race, and their languages radically the same. The general correctness of this conclusion has since been incontrovertibly established by the researches of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, missionary at the Gaboon river, and confirmed by those of the Rev. Mr. Krapf, a German missionary on the eastern coast. No affinity is known to exist between these languages and those of Sudan. In the people, the physical characteristics of the negro are less strongly marked, and some tribes are less dark in their complexion. Of this region, we must consider several subdivisions:

1. LOWER GUINEA, extending from Upper Guinea, about 1,500 miles southward, and including the Portuguese settlements in Congo, Angola, and Benguela. The general character of the coast is much like that of Upper Guinea. In other words—at a few points, some white men, whose constitutions are best adapted to the climate, may, with suitable care, and by occasionally recruiting their strength in their native air, live and labor for a considerable

number of years. The Gaboon river is well known as one of the healthiest points. Mr. Wilson also thinks well of the country around Cape Lopez, and the river Nazareth, though other accounts are unfavorable. Benguela, in about latitude 13° south, is decidedly unhealthy.

2. THE GREAT SOUTHERN DESERT, extending along the coast from Lower Guinea, from 800 to 1,000 miles southward. The southern part of this, however, belongs to the Hottentot, and not to the Zingian region. This coast is too barren to be very sickly. The desert, probably, does not extend so far inland as has usually been supposed. In some places, vegetation extends, in the rainy season, quite down to the coast. Numerous attempts have been made by traders to open commercial intercourse across this desert with the natives farther east; but, as yet, without success. Nothing can be done here for the civilization of Africa.

3. THE MUCARANGA REGION, extending from about 5° to 25° south latitude along the eastern coast. The coast itself is claimed, in the northern part, by the Imaum of Muscat, and in the southern part by the Portuguese. Its inhabitants, in some places, have a mixture of Arab blood, and perhaps of Malay, from Madagascar; but in other places, and generally inland, they are Zingians, of the Mucaranga class. Of the character of the climate, we are not so well informed as concerning the western coast. It is supposed, however, to be less pernicious, and the southern parts, especially extending into the Southern Temperate Zone as far from the Equator as the southern parts of Florida and Texas, to be tolerably healthy.

4. THE CAFFRE REGION; extending from about 25° to 33° south, and therefore wholly in the Temperate Zone; mountainous and healthy.

Here are numerous missions, with good prospects of success.

VIII. THE HOTTENTOT REGION AND CAPE COLONY; the southern and southwestern portion of the continent. It is all, except a small portion of the Great Southern Desert, where a few wandering Damaras feed their flocks, within the Temperate Zone. It extends to latitude 35° south, corresponding with North Carolina and Tennessee; and is generally mountainous and healthy. Here, among the tawney and degraded Hottentots, and the tribes in which Hottentot, Caffre, and Dutch blood are intermingled, are numerous and successful missions.

We hope it will appear, from this brief survey, that Africa is not all one country, and that the various countries of Africa are not all alike. When it is said that Africa must be regenerated by men of African descent, the remark is not intended to apply to its northern and southern extremities, but to the vast central regions which contain almost the whole population of the continent. White men can live and labor at the two extremes; but how long will it take them to carry civilization and Christianity to Sudan from the north, through two thousand miles of barren deserts, and fierce fanatical Muhammedans; or from the south, through an equal extent of ferocious pagan Zingians? From the eastern coast it is not known that any civilized man has ever penetrated, or can penetrate to Sudan. Each of these regions is well worthy of missionary labor, and what is done in either of them, must contribute ultimately to the grand result. But in neither of these ways can we hope to reach and regenerate the heart of Africa for ages to come. For this, we must rely mainly on approaches from the western coast, where we can land upon the shores of Sudan

itself. Nor may the Zingians of the western coast—of Lower Guinea—be neglected till we can reach them from the south and east.

What, then, are the facts concerning those three or four thousand miles of Atlantic coast, through which alone we can have direct access to Southern Moghreb, Sudan, and perhaps half of the Zingians;—countries comprising, probably, half the habitable land, and much more than half of the inhabitants of Africa? It was 365 years on the 19th of last January, since the first European missionaries commenced their labors in Guinea. They were Roman Catholics. Their efforts were continued for 241 years, and not a trace of their labors remains. It is 111 years since the first Protestant mission was attempted. And we have no evidence that among all the millions of native African inhabitants there are yet a hundred Protestant Christians, whose conversion has not been directly or indirectly, a result of Colonization; while the native African communicants, in churches *directly* connected with Colonization, number more than six thousand. In schools not *directly* connected with Colonization, there may be some six hundred scholars—a large majority of whom, however, owe their privileges to its indirect influence. In schools connected with colonies, there are nearly or quite *eight thousand*. And yet Protestant missions commenced in 1736, and Colonization in 1787.

If we consider the diffusion of other civilizing influences, the disparity will be found still more immense.

That some white missionaries may live to be useful at well selected points on this vast coast, is doubtless true. They have done it, are doing it, and must continue to do it. Nearly all the Christianity connected with the colonies is the result of their labors, and of the labors of colored men under their guidance. That they can be extensively useful by founding missions among the native tribes, beyond the reach of colonial protection and support, perhaps the twentieth or thirtieth experiment may prove; but it has not yet been proved. No existing mission that can claim to be of that character, has existed so long, or done so much as some former missions, which, after all, it was found expedient to give up; and if they succeed, as we hope some of them may, it will indicate a great change in that part of the world, since Colonization began to exert its influence there.

We conclude, therefore, that while there are extensive regions in Africa, where white men may live and labor as well as in most other parts of the world, and while the labors of a few are greatly needed, if not absolutely indispensable in all parts; yet experience proves that far the greatest and most formidable part of the work of Africa's regeneration is best performed in connexion with Colonization.

Receipts of the American Colonization Society,

From the 20th of July, to the 20th of August, 1847.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Portsmouth—From Dr. Rufus Kittredge.....	10 00
VERMONT.	
By Rev. Seth S. Arnold:	
Ryegate—George Cows.....	63

RHODE ISLAND.	
Newport—From Thomas R. Hazard, Esq.....	19 00
CONNECTICUT.	
East Windsor—Collection in Rev. S. Bartlett's church.....	4 00
Fairfield—From Mrs. Elizabeth	

Sherman, to constitute Miss
Eunice Lyon a life member of
the Am. Col. Soc..... 39 00

34 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia—From the Pennsylv-
ania Colonization Society.... 1,000 00

DIST. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington City—Collection taken
in Christ Church, (Rev. Mr.
Bean's,) per John P. Ingle, Esq. 5 00

VIRGINIA.

Big Lick—From Mrs. Sarah Betts,
by the Rev. J. S. Bacon, D. D. 10 00

Upperville—From several friends
of colonization, by William M.
Jackson, Esq..... 10 00

Kanawha C. H.—From Miss Jane
H. Summers and Miss Celena
L. Summers, each \$25, by Hon.
George W. Summers..... 50 00

Fauquier Co.—Mrs. Orra Hender-
son, by Rev. John Towles.... 1 00

Charlottesville—From Christ Ch.,
by Rev. R. K. Meade..... 14 00

Shepherdstown—Collection in 1st
Presbyterian church, by Rev. J.
T. Hargrave..... 6 00

91 00

KENTUCKY.

By Rev. A. M. Cowan:

Bourbon Co.—James R. Wright,
G. W. Williams, John King,
Henry Clay, jr., each \$10, A.
H. Wright, D. P. Bedinger, W.
Talbutt, C. S. Brent, D. Gass,
Jane Steel, Wm. Marshall, each
\$5, H. C. H., \$1 50, W. Wright,
\$1..... 77 50

Bath Co.—James Hill, Esq., \$30,
\$30 of which is to constitute
Rev. John Montfort a life mem-
ber of the Am. Col. Soc.. Rev. G.
Gordon, \$5, Rev. R. F. Cald-
well, \$1..... 86 00

Montgomery Co.—H. B. Todd, Dr.
R. P. R. Caldwell, each \$2.... 4 00

Mercer Co.—Peter R. Dunn, \$10,
Rev. D. Clelland, J. J. McAfee,
each \$5..... 20 00

Sharpsburgh—From "A friend,"
to constitute the Rev. Peter
Monfort a life member of the
Am. Col. Soc..... 30 00

217 50

OHIO.

Cambridge—Collection taken in
the Rev. Wm. Wallace's church, 6 31

Adamsville—Subscription in favor
of the cause of colonization, per
Rev. Wm. Wallace..... 3 00

Columbus—Donation from the La-
dies' Colonization Society, by
N. H. Swayne, Esq..... 23 00

32 31

ILLINOIS.

Petersburgh—From Rev. J. Ham-
ilton, 4th July collection, by J.
B. Crist..... 3 70

Total Contributions.\$1,380 33

FOR REPOSITORY.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Portsmouth*
—Dr. Rufus Kittredge, for the
Liberia Herald for 1847..... 2 00

VERMONT.—By Rev. Seth S. Ar-
nold: *South Strafford*—John
Reynolds, Esq., to July, 1847,
75 cts. *Norwich*—Dr. S. Con-
verse, to Nov. 1847, \$1 50.

Union Village—John Lord &
Sons, to June, 1848, \$1 50.
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1848, \$1 50, David Johnson, to
16 May, 1848, \$1 50. *Wells*
River—Edward Hale, Esq., to
16 May, 1848, \$1 50, Wm. S.
Holt, to 16 Sept. 1848, \$1 50.

Ryegate—Jas. Smith, to June,
1848, \$1 50, Geo. Cowls, to
August, 1847, 37 cts. *Snow's*
Store—Nathan Snow, to Aug.
1848, \$1 50, Dea. Elisha Hew-
itt, to August, 1848, \$1 50.
Pomfret—Major Elisha Smith,
to August, 1848, \$1 50, Dea.
John Miller, to August, 1848,
\$1 50. *Taftsville*—Dan. Marsh,
to August, 1848, \$1 50. *Post*
Mills—Erastus Bartholomew, to
16 May, 1847, \$1..... 20 12

RHODE ISLAND.—*Newport*—Thos.
R. Hazard, Esq., to 31 Dec.
1850..... 6 00

CONNECTICUT.—*Thompsonville*—
Rev. Joseph Harvey, D. D., for
Repository to 1 Feb. 1848.... 3 00

NEW YORK.—By Capt. George
Barker: *Rochester*—Ebenezer
Ely, Esq., to Jan. 1848, \$10,
Hon. F. Whittlesey, to July,
1847, \$6. *Canandaigua*—Miss
H. Upham, to Sept. 1847, \$6.
New York City—Collections
from sundry persons, \$33 50.. 55 50

KENTUCKY.—*Paris*—J. C. Lyle,
Esq., to June, 1847, \$1 50.... 1 50

Total Repository..... 88 12

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